

A Friendly Letter.

To the Brethren at Enon and Hudson.—This Sabbath afternoon, as I sit and gaze out over the beautiful city of Ashland, my thoughts wander back to my home in the West and memory recalls many pleasant hours spent in Iowa, at Enon, and the sermons that thrilled me with joy in the hope we have in Christ. Bro. Bashor's earnest prayers, the humble petitions of the brothers and sisters still fill me with an ardor as of old, when we met in social meetings and encouraged one another to fight a good fight.

Then we thought of our parting, of the altar that is ever sending forth sweet incense to God in our behalf. Also, of the many "God bless yous," and well-wishes that have constantly prompted us heavenward.

Thus meditating upon the past, I take my pen to write. First, of the journey, then what we see in Ashland, the College and its workings. Bro. James Lichty and I left Waterloo, Iowa on the fifth of Jan., for Ashland, Ohio. We arrived in Chicago in the morning, and concluded not to resume our journey until three o'clock in the afternoon.

We spent the intervening time seeing the workings of a great city, the constant hurry of the throngs as they press to and fro along the street, the hundreds of temptations calculated to lure the young and unsuspecting into vice and crime. Truly here can be seen the power of Satan's armies. Why, brethren, the children of the devil have up five hundred signs where the children of Christ have but one. Surely, Christ has a great work for us to do and it is time we be about our Master's business. The harvest is ripe but the reapers are few. Let us be up and doing: the day will come when that old, blood-stained banner of Christ shall prevail supreme, and Satan's power shall forever be destroyed. Then work now; just now, so that when King Jesus comes, you may not be empty handed. Though you be not able to reap, perhaps you can glean. If you cannot stoop to do such work, surely you can encourage those that do work by a smile or a kind word of commendation. It is by doing that which we can, and doing it well that we receive a blessing. The front is where a good soldier longs to stand, and I believe a true soldier of Christ is happiest when he has on the whole armor, and is contending with sin, far out in advance, where Satan's strength is being ruined, by lending strength to some poor, weak soldier, or shielding a poor orphan, in driving the sinful influences far in the rear. This is a part of the work of a Christian to bear others' burdens.

We arrived in Ashland on the seventh, and as we stepped upon the platform, we confess feeling a little lonely at the time. On starting up town we noticed two large buildings to the South which we took to be the college, and we started in that direction. After traveling for some time we arrived at the business part of the town. On looking around we saw the sign, *Ashland Sun* which was the most familiar thing around us. On inquiring we were informed where to find Bro. Bailey, one of the Professors in the school. We entered his store and soon met him. Well we did not have to strain our eyes to see him, we found him being large, a very agreeable man. In a short time we were on the way to the college which we found situated on a hill about three quarters of a mile south of the business part of the city.

Once there, we formed the acquaintance of brother and sister Perry, who have charge of the boarding hall. They do the greater part of the teaching in the Normal course. Among the students we met Bro. John Palmer, a young minister professing the right kind of energy to make a revival meeting a success. Hope he will soon go forth to aid sinners in finding the joy that Christ can give.

The remainder of the week was spent in resting and forming the acquaintance of the students, whom we found to be a very lively class of young people. So far, we have been very well treated by the people of Ashland.

On Sabbath we repaired to the chapel where we enjoyed a very pleasant season of worship. Here we met for the first time, Bro. Garber and other brethren in this church.

Pray for me, that I may receive the wisdom that heaven alone can give. Remembering you ever, I close. Yours sincerely,

E. L. HILDEBRAND.

The Heavenly City.

Man first opened his eyes upon the beauties of a garden, where everything which God had done in the department of nature was lavished for his comfort and his bliss. This garden,—this paradise—has ever been a type of the home and glory that awaits the faithful children of God when the world shall be restored, and all things shall be made new.

But there are glories in art as well as in nature, and there are splendors hidden beneath the soil as well as beauties that burst forth and blossom above it. So man following the instinct which God implanted within him, supplements nature by art, and surrounds himself with the comforts and conveniences of social and civic life.

All the first cities were built by sinful men, and were closely connected with luxury, pride, cruelty, and sin. Hence the people of God did not find in them their most congenial homes. Nimrod built a city, and Lot found a resting-place in Sodom; while Abraham, the friend of God, was a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth. Nevertheless, as the instinct of city-building was doubtless divine in its origin, God promised to Abraham a City, so that he who was a stranger here, without possession or inheritance, should eventually come to all the glories and comforts which man in his blindness now vainly seeks in the cities which he builds.

Throughout the ages of the patriarchs and prophets this City shone before them as the goal of their pilgrimage, the objects of their hopes. David, though a king, with a royal palace, yet confessed himself a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. The prophets looked forward to "Zion, the city of our solemnities," whose cords should never be broken, and whose stakes should never be removed. The apostle Paul informs us that Abraham, with the patriarchs looked for "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" and in the closing pages of Revelation this long treasured hope blossoms in the splendors of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.

But this city is also described as the paradise of God. It combines the highest glories to which men have aspired, with the most wondrous manifestations of creative power and goodness.

We have our gardens, which speedily become overgrown with weeds and tangled with thorns. We have our cities, stived, narrow, vicious, and pestilential; but the city of God and the garden of God are one. City and country are here combined. Crystal waters, living streams, fadeless trees, monthly fruits, golden palaces, jasper walls, pearly portals, golden streets, foundations of all precious stones,—these go to make up the glory of the city of God. No human hands have fashioned or constructed it; no census shall ever record the number of its inhabitants; no sickness, pain, death, or bereavement shall be known therein. They shall neither marry nor be given in marriage; there shall be no disappointment, no sorrow, no travail; no funeral procession shall pass down those streets of gold, no hearse shall rumble along those glorious pavements, no friendly hands shall carry forth the dead to burial, no mourners shall decorate the graves of those they love.

There Jesus shall reign the Lord of all; his saints gathered from every land, shall dwell within that happy place; and his angels shall guard its portals, and welcome home the redeemed; and its walls shall be salvation, and its gates praise.

Happy are they "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," who shall "enter through the gates into the city." Blessed are they who shall be called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and in those bridal halls of gladness shall behold their Lord and hail him as their eternal King. Well may those who have such a city in view be content to wander as pilgrims here, for when once the eye of faith has feasted on the glories of that home, the palaces of earthly pride look mean and tawdry, and all the glories of this world fail to attract or satisfy the soul. The

spirit of that city is upon us; a heavenly homesickness makes us weary of this world, and fills us with unutterable longings for the rest that remaineth for the people of God, the city of foundations, the home and harbor where the saints shall rest from all their toils.—THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Is it Well with my Soul.

On a beautiful Summer's day some years ago, I was called to the dying bed of a very dear friend and relative. We were at school together during boyhood, and in his early manhood he "chose the good part," and earnestly and affectionately urged me to embrace religion. We soon after joined the church, and for many years kept up a correspondence on the "all-important subject." Of late years God had blessed him with worldly prosperity, but his highest happiness was in the divine favor. Feeble and emaciated by sickness, his mind and heart were resting on heavenly support.

He had a beautiful country-seat, in which the fruits and other products were coming to perfection. Asking to have the windows opened so he could look out upon his gardens, he said to me with great earnestness, "How good God is!" I replied it was indeed so; all his works in nature were beautiful and then repeated lines from a hymn:

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be.

He took my hand and pressed it warmly, saying, "that is just." I thought what a happy frame of mind is this to die in, to be transplanted from this pleasant earthly home to the unspeakable joys of the paradise above.

His death occurred shortly after, and his memory is indeed precious.

May we all so live in the love and fear of God that we can each of us heartily and truly say "It is well with my soul."—SELECTED.

The Pathway in the Sky.

A lady traveling through a dense forest in a Southern State, was benighted, and after journeying sometime, her colored driver found he had lost his way. Dismounting from the vehicle he started to find it, and she noticed to her surprise that he went among the trees looking upward to the sky. She asked him why he was looking upward, when he was trying to find the road beneath. He continued to look up to the heavens, and said, "If I can find a pathway in the sky I can find the road on the ground."

He knew that in the dense forest the only place where he could see the blue sky above was where the road had been cut through among the trees; where there was clear sky overhead, there was a plain path under foot.

The lady learned a memorable lesson that night; and we may learn the same. We tread a shadowed path; sometimes we find ourselves beset with dangers, and often our course is overhung with gloom, and in the midst of the deepening shadows we feel that we have lost our way. Sometimes we despond, at others we turn wildly hither and thither to find the path we have lost. Can we not learn to look upward and seek the pathway in the sky? Over the path of divine appointment shines the light of divine blessing; over the way in which God would have us go, beams the calm brightness of his smile. If we turn from that path we find ourselves involved in snares and dangers. In the midst of doubts, perplexities and tribulations let us ever seek to find the pathway in the sky. And that one course, over which beams the light of heaven, and above which gleam the stars of blessing and of hope is the safe path for us to tread. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—THE CHRISTIAN.

OBITUARY.

CLEMENT.—It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of our much esteemed brother, John A. Clement, of the Sandy church. Sometime ago, he became insane, cause, no doubt, sun-stroke some years ago, from which he suffered more or less. He was taken to Newburg, where he died. He was brought home and buried on the 26th inst., at the Reading meeting house.

The death of brother Clement casts quite a gloom over this community, as he was a good and useful man, and universally respected. He will be missed. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved family. May God bless the widow and her children.

JOSIAH KEIM.

Louisville, Ohio.